Vol. III. Numb. 6.

The EXAMINER.

From Thursday *November* 27, to Thursday *December* 4, 1712.

Cantando Tu Illum ? *Virg.* Eclog.

To all and ſingular Lords *and* Commoners, Generals, Admirals, Captains, Lieutenants, Purſers, Surveyors, Brewers, Bakers, Auditors, Comptrollers, Clerks, Commiſſioners, Judges, Juſtices, Mayors, Sheriffs, Serjeants, Bayliffs, Beadles, Hangmen, *and other Officers Civil and Military, known and diſtinguiſhed by the Name of* Whigs; *The humble Petition of* J--n Aſ---ll, *Eſq;*

Moſt Humbly Sheweth,

THAT, as appears by *Theſe Preſents*, Your *Petitioner* can *Write:*

That he was *Expelled* One Kingdom, and Two *Parliaments*, and is now a Priſoner in the *Fleet:*

That he knows *ſomething* of the Law, and believes *little* of the Goſpel:

That he expects to be *Tranſlated*;

And is

THEREFORE,

Able to ſerve You,

Fit to ſerve You,

And can loſe nothing by being *Hanged.*

He who dar'd deſerve all this, dares not deny it.

That *your Petitioner* ſhould have been Proſecuted for *Blaſphemy*;

But the Matter was huſh'd;

So *your Petitioner* was unjuſtly depriv'd of the Priviledge of *Suffering.*

When all the Men of Senſe have done ſpeaking for you;

What then?

Madmen and Fools take their turns in courſe.

You know I am acquainted with the Affairs of t'other World;

I'll tell you what happen'd once in a Conſult of Devils:

Not much unlike your *Junta.*

Mankind was, it ſeems, at that time about *Reforming:*

The Queſtion was put by *Belzebub*,

Who ſhould go and prevent them?

Says a *Luſtful* Devil, *I'll go.*

Says a *Covetous* Devil, *I'll go.*

The *Lying*, *Fighting*, *Swearing*, *Drinking* Devil, all offer'd their Service.

But *Belzebub* ſaid, *Theſe were ſtale Tricks.*

Whereupon a merry *Dæmon* ſtands forth, call'd *the Laughing Devil*, and with a Sneer, told them, *He'd go.*

That's New, ſays *Belzebub*;

And ſo order'd his Commiſſion.

See, what *your Petitioner* makes himſelf for your ſake!

In ſhort, your Cauſe calls for him.

When the *Capitol* was in Danger, the Geeſe gaggl'd:

When the Lady loſt her Slipper, the Monkey chatter'd:

And as the Weather grew Cloudy, the *Biſhop* penn'd a *Preface.*

What would you have him ſay for you?

Have you Robb'd, or Pickt Pockets?

He ſhall eat a Cuſtard, and make the People laugh.

Have you ſold your Country?

He ſhall ſell them, what you never ſold them; —— A Bargain.

Have you committed Murder?

He ſhall crack you a Jeſt out of the *Old Teſtament.*

His Caſe and yours is almoſt the ſame;

He was Expell'd, *for having too much Land*,

You, *for having too much Money:*

If he Dies, he dies of no Religion;

As you live, you ſeem to take Example by his Latter End.

Beſides, he knows all your Secrets:

He can tell you, why *Go*— does not Walk, and diſcover Hid Treaſure;

Why *Wal*— won't Bluſh;

And when the *German Prince* will come Home again.

Your Petitioner has done you ſignal Service already;

He pay'd off the Church in his laſt Book:

He prov'd *Their* Saviour to be a *Layman*,

Becauſe he was not of Aaron's *Order.*

Some People pray *twice* a Day;

Hear, what he ſays to this!

A Shilling twenty times told, is but a Shilling ſtill.

A Prayer twenty times ſaid, is but a Prayer ſtill.

No Body muſt anſwer this, becauſe he has put it into *Latin*,

(*Patèr Noſter*)

If they do, they write for *Popery.*

All Honeſt Infidels will approve his Notion of *Faith.*

He calls it *the Reſult of Science*;

The Conviction of the Underſtanding;

So it comes originally from the *Senſes:*

And then, *Faith is the Evidence of things ſeen:*

For what ſignifies an Apoſtle?

The Apoſtles were but *Teachers*;

And in Religion, I prove, *that all* Scholars *ought to be wiſer than their* Teachers.

Thus I *J—n Aſ—ll* do poſitively inſiſt,

That I know more of the Reſurrection *than St.* Paul:

This I ſhall ſhortly publiſh among my *New Lights*;

Of more Uſe than the *Conick Lamps.*

I have alſo ſome *New Prophecies:*

I ſhall take care to be *Tranſlated* before they expire.

Perhaps I may crowd *the Reſtoration of the Whigs* into my *Ephemeris:*

It will be about the coming of *Antichriſt.*

I have ſtudy'd the Art of *Riſing again*, for this very Purpoſe;

To ſerve a Diſtreſſed Party, who are *Dead* and *Buryed.*

Your Petitioner has a ſwinging ſpite at the *Pope*,

And can make ſome New Jeſts upon him.

The Old Rogue corrupts Scripture:

Two of a Trade never agree.

Other Worldlings hate *Popery* upon a Bodily Account.

They

They don't care to be Fry'd out in Steaks;
Not be Lighted up to warm Butchers in *Smithfield*:
I hate it only for my Soul's ſake;
My Carcaſs has been in the ſame Danger among *Proteſtants*;
The Sight of an *Iriſh* Bruſh-Faggot goes to the very Heart of me.
But what does Hating the *Pope* ſignify?
The *Tories* can ſay as much in their 39 *Articles*.
Now I am your Man;
I hate St. *Peter* alſo.
See what a Character I give of him.
He was little better than Peter-Power *of* Ireland.
He was a Fore-man of his own making.
He gave his Saviour the Lie;
And told him, he ſcorn'd his Words.
He had the Devil in him.
Was impetuous.
Would never let any body ſpeak but himſelf.
He rapp'd out a Swinger of Paſſive Obedience.
And I compare him to *an Old Bencher of the* Temple, *who had a Diſh of Coffee flung in his Face, was kick'd, affronted, and would not fight.*
But to make him amends,
And crown the Jeſt,
I tell him, *I had no deſign to ridicule him.*
Thus at a Country Wake, *Tom* tells *Dick*,
He has no Ill-will againſt him, and then ——
Hits him a ſlap on the Chops.
Your Petitioner has a quick Hand at an Adverſary:
If any one writes like him;
He can tell him, —— *He is a good Mimick.*
They ſay, I am Mad.
Would you had never been ſo.
We are the fitter to defend one another.
But to prevent this Cenſure, I call my ſelf *a Fool.*
I have been the worſt of Fools for your ſake,
A modern Prophet:
I told the People, *They would Forſwear themſelves.*
What if they do not?
Then I only told them —— *A Lie.*
Is that as bad as Perjury?
Your Petitioner has been well offer'd by t'other Side:
What if he ſhould Turn?
Have a care of him.
'Tis a *Revolution Principle.*
Suppoſe he were *A Commiſſioner of Accounts?*
He was ſo of *the Forfeited Eſtates.*
The *Iriſh* Rebels were a good Harveſt:
So are the *Engliſh* Whigs.
We fleec'd the *Firſt*, and the Nation never the Richer;
And may fleece the *Second*,
And the Nation never the Poorer.
Should *Your Petitioner* turn *Jacobite*;
He has his Reaſons ready drawn.
I'll give you a Sample.
We abjur'd the Pretender, *That's Fact*;
But we abjur'd him upon a Bible;
And *the Act of Toleration* will diſpenſe with our Believing as much of it as we think fit; *That's Law:*
Ergo, Et cætera, That's *Logick.*
I am a *Free-Thinker*, ſays a *Whig*; what's a Bible?
But a *Tory* takes it for *Scripture.*
He ſwears upon't: How will he get off?
The *Whigs* won't give him a *Diſpenſation.*
They have a Trick worth twenty on't.
I'll tell you a Story.
A Lady challenges a Gentleman upon a Contract of Marriage, and produces her *Half-broad-piece.*
The Gentleman is ſearch'd, and the *Counterpart* found upon him:
What does he?
He compares the two Tallies:
Madam, ſays he, *the Obligation was void in it ſelf: This is a* Jacobus, *and I am a* Williamite.
When I am hang'd, perhaps, *O rare J—k Aſ—ll!* may be written upon my Monument.
Try me another way.
I believe in the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*;
But *Succeſſions* come by Death:
Where then is *Proteſtant Faith?*
Now I ſtedfaſtly hold *Tranſlations:* And,
O rare J—k Aſ—ll! is my *Motto* ſtill.
Don't you perceive plainly, that I am Maſter of the Noble Science?
My Arguments are keen and two-edg'd.
Then I deal in *ſhort Periods:*
A *Dagger* is worſe than a *Toledo:*
This makes *Snig-a-ſnee* more bloody than plain *Fencing.*
I'll tell you another Story.
I was by once in Court, when a *Whig*, a ſtanch *Republican*, took *the Oath of Allegiance.*
He kiſs'd the Book exactly in that Place, *They that reſiſt ſhall receive*, &c.
Says I to him, *You'll be Damn'd.*
No, ſays he, *I deſign to explain it.*
What? ſays I, *the Text?*
Ay, ſays he, *and the* Oath *too, if there be o[illegible]*
This Conſideration made me ſerious;
And (if you would encourage me)
I could certainly ſecure the *Succeſſion.*
At preſent things are ſtrangely manag'd:
I ſmell a *Rat* or *Popery.*
'Twas ſome *Jacobite* drew up the *Abjuration Oath.*
Muſt every one by *Liberty of Conſcence* have his own Faith?
And yet all ſwear upon a Bible?
Shall not the *Saints* have the liberty of being Perjur'd as well as the *Tories?*
To mend this Flaw, I'll have a *Clauſe* inſerted.
The *Atheiſts* ſhall ſwear upon *Hobbs.*
The *Deiſts* upon *Lucretius.*
The *Socinians* upon the *Po oni Fratres.*
The *Free-thinkers* upon *Lock.*
Schiſmaticks upon the *Act of Toleration.*
Occaſional Conformiſts upon *the Dutch Fortune-teller.*
Latitudinarians upon *the Expoſition of the 39 Articles.*
And I *J—k Aſ—ll* upon *Biſhop* Wilkins's *Journey to the Moon.*
But I had almoſt forgot, I was your *Petitioner.*
For what?
Something to buy a *Tranſlation*-Chariot and Sett of Horſes.
A Dividend of what you have got:
Or, of what you have forfeited;
I ſpeak in the *Iriſh* Style.
Some Relief for the Saints:
I can quote you *Scripture* for't:
If you'll believe it.
Make me your *Caſtle-builder:*
Send me your Schemes and Modells:
I can ſet them in a true Light;
To be laugh'd at.
Conſider the *Premiſes*;
For I never make but one *Concluſion*;

And your Petitioner, *if ever he does Pray, ſhall Pray,* —— *What comes uppermoſt.*

Having been thus merry with a facetious Champion of the Whig-Cauſe, I think proper to give Notice, that I intend next Week to change my Style, and to Examine a more ſerious Diſcourſe on the ſame ſide, call'd, *The Barrier Treaty Vindicated.* I am told the Party hand this about as the Reſult of all their Reaſoning and Invention for ſeveral Months paſt, and that they lay ſo great a Streſs upon the Facts and Arguments there produced, that they are willing to ſtand or fall with this Elaborate Treatiſe. I readily join Iſſue with them; and undertake to ſhow, in the Compaſs of two ſhort Papers, that one part of this Book has no reference to the Subject, and might as properly have been inſerted in Mr. *Aſ—ll*'s Defence. That in the relation of many Facts the Truth is groſly diſguiſed; and that where the Facts are true, the Conſequences drawn from them are unnatural and falſe. In the mean time I cannot forbear expreſſing my Satisfaction that their Heroes are entered the Liſts, and that ſomething like Argument is advanced by them; becauſe a Man may now, without Bluſhing, contend with theſe Antagoniſts, and hope either to Convince, or be Convinced; which is ſo ſincerely my Intention, that I make no Scruple to promiſe ſolemnly either to Confute this Book, or Subſcribe to it.

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